The Christmas Heavens.

THE splendor of the sky on Christmas night is due to the presence of the most brilliant group of constellations that can be assembled, including Orion, Taurus (with the Pleiades), Gemini, Canis Major (with Sirius), Auriga, lassiopcia, Andromeda and Perseus.





The Heart Breaker By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Mildred Welcomes Chance to Play Tom and Arthur Against Each Other at Home Dinner Party.

CHAPTER XXIV. (Copyright, 1918, Star Company.) T was almost dawn when Honora Brent fell asleep.
What quieted her at last was
the consoling thought that she
was about to do what her conscience dictated. This helped ex-tract the sting of the memory of Arthur's knowledge of her decep-tion. For the moment it made her proposed plan of action seem easy. For, scoff as one may, the knowledge that one has sacrificed one's

own desires and hopes for the wel-fare of a loved one does bring some reward in a comfortable conciduaness of duty performed, But this comfortable assurance does not siways last. In many cases it aceds to be reinforced by the grateful appreciation of the person for whom one has made a sacrifice. And the person in ques-tion sometimes ignores the fact that any special favor has been

So when Honora arose on the morning following the automobile accident, determined to bear cheerfully what had happened and must happen-because it was for Milly's happiness that she would do this enthusiasm received a cold

For Milly was not in a good humor. She was annoyed at being awakened a few minutes earlier than was absolutely necessary. "You know perfectly well that I can bathe and dress in a half hour, Honora," she grumbled. "Then

can bathe and dress in a half hour, Honora," she grumbled. "Then why call me thirty-five minutes before breakfast?"
"You forget that Mrs. Higgins is not here," Honora said, "and that we ought to be down very promptly to see that Katie has everything ready on time. Mrs. Higgins always does that."

Sisters Near Quarrel. "Wall, there is no need of it," Milly declared, throwing herself

back on her pillow. "And, anyway, you will be dressed in time to see to that. There is certainly no meed of both of us going downstairs to superintend Katie." Honora turned back to her bu-

rean and finished adjusting her col-"You would best get up, dear," she said after awhile.

"All right!" Mildred yawned and est on the edge of the bed swinging one pink foot back and forth. "Den't you hate your job at this hour of the morning? It's all very wall to feel that you are making good money, but it's a missance to have to do it."

"You won't make much money that it you won't make much money."

"You won't make much meney today if you don't get up!" Honora rejoined tartly.

"Don't be cross!" Mildred snapped.
There—I knew I would say some-thing to vex you if I got up. And

"It really wasn't necessary to say it, you know," Honora remarked. "Tou do not always say something Mildred yawned again. At the sund Honora felt as if she must

"I'm awfully sleepy this morning," the younger girl announced.
"I guess that ride last night tired
me a bit. But it was exciting,
wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," was the dry admission,
"I suppose you were rather

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

Here is a good Beatty story from the lipe of an ex-navy man, who was serving under Admiral Beattythen captain-at the time the incident occurred.

He had under his command two very "hard cases" of men who were always being brought before him on one charge or another. One day he asked them what punishment they considered they deserved. "Shot at sunset, sir," replied one man cheekily, and the other con-

man cheekly, and the other con-curred.

"Right!" said Beatty. "March them away!"

At sunset the prisoners were marched on deck and halted right in line with the turret guns. They were then blindfolded, and Beatty wordered one of the gun crews to load and fire.

It is impossible to train any of a boat's suns on to its own deck.

a boat's guns on to its own deck, but the men forgot this in the ex-citement of the moment. The shock cured them, and they never troubled Beatty again.

John MacCormack, the famous tenor, who ranks with Caruso as one of the highest-paid singers of the world, tells this story:

"As a college boy my voice was in demand for the college concerts, and being by birth an Irishman, I, with true patriotic spirit, sang an Irish song at one of these. Later I interviewed Biddy, our Irish cook, to whom I had given a sticket for

the entertainment.

"Oh, sure, sir, you did sing beastifully, she said; 'but why ever did
you sing in a foreign language? I
did not know a word of it.'

"Crushing criticism, indeed, but it
was a foreighe lesson in elecution
and one that I have laid to heart."

A Supposition.

The orderly officer was on his usual round. "Any complaints?" His voice sounded above the din of knives and forks.

"Yes, sir!" answered a healthy-looking representative of the Tom-

my Atkins tribe. "This 'ere blink-ing joint's raw!"

"Look here, my man, said the officer, after due examination, which proved the complaint to be justified. "Do you know that Cap-tain Webb trained on raw beef in order to swim the Channel" order to swim the Channel?"
"Oh." said Tommy Atkins. "I
thought as 'ow we was goin' across

frightened, too," Mildred com-

'I was horribly frightened," Honora said curtly. "I did not know but what you were killed." "Well, I wasn't, you see," the other observed lightly.
Then, throwing her wrapper about her, she strolled away to the

om to take her morning

Honora stood still and listened to Honora stood still and listened to the sound of the girl's voice hum-ming a gay little tune in accom-paniment to the splash of the wa-ter in the tub. Mildred was not more than a child in her emotions, she reflected. Yet it was for her that her sister must suffer. Then she reproved herself sharp-

ly. Surely she, Honoral deserved no credit in hurrying that which might occurs in the course of time anyway. She had put her hand to the plow. She must not look

Mixed Dinner Crowd. At breakfast she made a suggestion that had grown out of this de-

"Mildred," she ventured, "wouldn't you like to have somebody here to dinner tomorrow (Saturday) night?" Mildred looked up interested. "Who!"

"Why," with an effort to speak indifferently, "perhaps we might ask Arthur to come in. And perhaps I might ask Miss Pearson-Mr. Pearson's sister, you know-to come, too-to play with me while you and Arthur are amusing each other," she added with a smile.
Mildred smiled faintly, then asked, "Why have Miss Pearson espe-

anidred similed raintly, them agaed, "Why have Miss Pearson especially?"

"Only because she is rather middie-aged — and pleasant — and it
might seem more conventional than
for you and me to entertain alone,"
Honora explained, "Mra Higgins
will hardly return before Monday,"

"I'd rather not have Miss Pearson," Mildred objected.

A happy thought occurred to
Honora, "Why not let us ask Mr.
and Mrs. Bruce instead? We will
be amply chaperoned and we can
omit Miss Pearson."

Milly hesitated. "That doesn't
sound so very hilarious," she began.
Then, with one of her characteristic changes of mood— "But I don't
care! Yes, let's have them. Then
they will see how well I can behave. And, since we are going to
have the elderly Bruces here, let's
add a sixth to the party. I'll inadd a sixth to the party. I'll in-vite Tom Chandler. Mrs. Higgins doesn't like him, so the time to have him is when she's out of the way!"
"Oh, my dear," Honora protested,

"Tom is so"-But Milly interrupted her. "Tom will behave all right with two elderly people looking on," she laughed. "He's certainly a gentle-man, and I believe we will have a very jolly time. I say," with a mis-chievous grin. "that's some com-bination, isn't it? And such an opportunity to play Tom and Arthur off against each other. Just watch

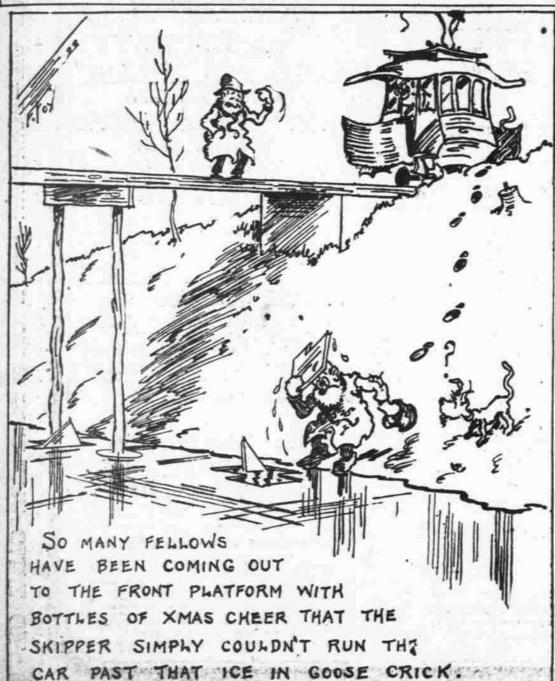
(To Be Continued.)

Motor Coat and Smart Gown



The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains

By FONTAINE FOX.



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pleas for advice is the one that comes from the woman

of forty or thereabouts. "What can I do? I am over forty, but I must earn my own living. I am strong and willing, yet because of a few gray hairs I find it next to impossible to secure a suitable po-

Even more pathetic is the woman who has some physical disqualifica tion in addition to the handican of years. It may be a defect of sight or hearing or other bodily ills. It is true that there is a prejudice. more or less stupid, against em-ploying older women for new jobs. That fact must be faced.

Sometimes it comes from the business man, who is frank to ad-mit that he prefers younger women about. A rather unique reason was given by one minor executive, who said he couldn't bear to see an older man working around for him, attending his errands and so forth Moreover, he felt too sensitive about offering a dignified older woman the small salary which s position suitable for her paid, and which would be perfectly satisfac

tory to a young girl.
I find, too, that in places where large numbers of women are employed there is occasionally much friction between the young element and the older woman. The young women are self-sufficient and callous; the older women are some-times too critical, or take to boring their co-workers with accounts of their past glories or present al-

lotments. That sums up the case against the older woman in business as

ommon reports go. But, when you consider her possible merits, they more than counterbalance possible handicaps. I am firmly convinced that not only is there ample opportunity for the women in business, but in many cases the woman of mature years is likely to be far more efficlent than the young girl. course, if she has training for the special kind of work in business, her task is simplified. But even for the untrained woman there is

opportunity in abundance.

In the office she can sometimes be developed into a good general manager of a department. A dignified mature woman is the best kind of representative in the reception room, or in charge of the rest room or library, if the organization is big enough to have one of its own.

I believe there should be more elderly women employed in retail selling. These older women are patient and painstaking and courte-

sometimes discourteous when a customer fusses over the buying of dozens of tiny items, where the older woman does not. I think older women are especially adaptable to shoe selling. Buying shoe is usually a fussy job but an impor tant one. The young saleswoman is eager to get the sale finished quickly, and usually influences the hesitating customer to a quick choice of shees that look good. The older woman is wiser. She usually knows what shoe discom-fort is, and she is more likely to be careful to advise her customer in the choice of comfortable shoes that are more than good looking-and she doesn't mind fussing about it either.

I think, too, that this elderly, dignified woman should do well in the selling of household articles utensils, plain linens and even groceries. She looks experienced in the use of these things and readily wins the confidence of less informed customers. I should think that babies' wear would also be her province. But with a little effort any woman of sound physique and cheerfulness, regardless of age, should be able to place herself.

By Value.

At a dinner given by a millionaire the host showed his bad taste and lack of manners, as the dinner progressed, by telling his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of some large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had calculated that the grapes had cost him apiece. The grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily; but one, smiling, held out his plate and said. "Would you mind cutting me off about two dollars' worth more, please."

A Benefactor in Disguise.

In a gathering of doctors a discussion arose about the conduct of fellow-doctor, who always had afternoon tea served to patients who called between two and five Some of the younger doctors were indignant and asked if the next thing would be free lunch counters in the surgery. But the oldest doc-tor present smiled cheerfully. "Don't worry about him. Any man who encourages' the public to eat or drink between meals is, conscious-ly or unconsciously, a banefactor to our professional!" he said. Photos by Underwood & Underwood Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Street Car Acquaintances.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: There is a young man who gets the car at the same corner that I do and often at the same time. When my girl friend isn't along he smiles at me a lit-Now I know he is a perfect gentleman, and I wouldn't flirt with him; but wouldn't it be all right for me to let him speak to me, just in a friendly way, since we see each other nearly every

I understand the temptation to speak, but please don't do it. It isn't ever wise to break the rule that was made for girls' protection, and that makes introductions obligatory. If the young man persists in his desire to know you he will doubtless find some means of being introduced to you

Distance Lends Enchantment.

Tifton Towers was a white ele phant-so far as the estate agent was concerned. But this time it really did look as if he were going to do a deal over the property. Little Mr. Brown and his wife had tramped wearily cound the estate, the agent at their heels.

"There's architecture for you!" cried the latter. "There's country! I tell you, sir," he added, waxing eloquent, "there isn't a finer residence on earth than this! Just look at the wonderful scenery"

"The scenery's all right," gloomily responded little Mr. Brown, who was looking for a home. "The only trouble to my mind is that there's too much of it between here and my office in the city."

The Club-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE W.LLIAMS Desmond Finds Himself Deep in Meshes of Prussian Discipline. Dines With Von Boden.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)
Desmond Okewood, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. At a small frontier town a men asmed femilia, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semiliary papers and assumes his identity. He reaches Berlin without incident and in conducted into the presence of General Von Boded, an aide of the Kaiser.

It was a revolting spectacle, but it did not make the least impresat did not make the least impression on the son, who, putting down his cap and great-cost and unhooking his sword, led me into a kind of study. "These orderlies are such thickheads!" he said.

"Rudi! Rudi!" a hearse, strident voice screamed from the hall. The lieutenant ran out.

"Rudi! Rudi!" a hoarse, strident voice screamed from the hall. The licutenant ran out.

"You've got to take the fellow to Berlin tonight. The message was here all the time—that numskull Heinrich forgot H. And we've got to keep the fellow here till then! An outrage, having the house used as a barrack for a rascally detective!" Thus much I heard, as the door had ben left open. Then it closed and I heard no more.

As I had heard this much, there was a certain iropy in the invitation to dinner subsequently conveyed to me by the young Uhlan. There was nothing for it but to accept. I knew I was caught deep in the meshes of Prussian discipline, every one had his orders and blindly carried them out, from the garrulous Major on the frontier to this preposterous. Excellenz, this imperial alde-de-camp of Poussam. I was already a tiny cog in a great machine. I should have to revolve or he crushed.

His Excellency left me in no doubt on this point, When I was ushered into his study, after a much-needed wash and a shave, he received me standing and said point-blank: "Tour orders are to stay here until 16 o'clock tonight, when you will be taken to Berlin by Lieutenant Count you Boden. I don't know you. I don't know you. I don't know you will dine with us here. After you have seem the person to whom you are to be taken tonight, Lieutenant Count von Boden will accompany you to the railway station at Spandau, where a special

PUSS IN BOOTS JUNIOR

By David Cory. OW, let me see. Oh, yes, I remember now. Puss had found the Flower of Youth through the aid of kind Mammy Jill, and then, after thanking her, he started off for his father's eastle to give him the Magic Flower. Well, by and by, after a while Puss saw in the distance a great cloud of dust, and the Good Gray Horse sniffed the air anxiously.

"Who is it rides so fast toward us?" asked Puss. But before there was time to answer, a man on a

foam-covered steed drew rein just in front of them and said: "Is this Puss in Boots, Junior?" "It is," said Puss, with a bow.

"Then make haste, little Sir Cat," said the horseman, "for your fa-ther, the famous Puss in Boots, in dangerously ill."

And, oh, dear me! When little
Puss heard that he was sick at
heart. And then he remembered he

had with him the Flower of Youth. "My Good Gray Horse," he whis pered in the ear of his faithfu steed, "run as you never ran before and take me to my dear father."
And then the horseman turned and started back, and the Good Gray Horse sped away, and pretty soon he left the horseman far behind, and by and by Puss saw the stately castle of My Lord of Carabas in the distance. distance.

"We are almost there," panted the Good Gray Horse, and he went even faster, and in a short time they were at the castle.

"Come this way," said an eld re-tainer, and he led Puss up a pri-vate stairway to his father's room. And when Puss in Boots saw his little son, he stretched out his paws, and Puss Junior placed in them the Flower of Touth, and would you believe it? from that very moment his father began to grow better and in a few days he looked like a young cat.

And one day while Puss Juntor and his father sat in the garden be neath a beautiful tree, a little bird

began to sing:
"The Flower of Youth is a wonderful thing,
It blooms in the hearts of all; The years may go by, but it's al-ways spring. Spring, and the bluebird's call."

And would you believe it? when little Puss looked to see if the Plower of Youth were still in the crystal vase, he found it was gone. Only the empty vase remained in his father's hand. Perhaps the flower was blooming in his father's heart, making him young again. Well, anyway, the next day, my Lord of Carabas was so delighted to see his faithful Puss in Boots

looking so well, that he sent for little Puss Junior, and when he told My Lord how he had found the Plower of Youth and had given it to his father, my Lord of Carabas was greatly amazed. "Many years ago your father did some wonderful things for me. He got

the best of a great Ogre and deliv-ered the castle to me, but I never dreamed that his son would turn out to be so like him." And this tickled little Puss Junior almost to death, for he thought, like a great many little boys and girls I know, that Puss in Boots was the most wonderful cat in the world. (Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

(To Be Continued.)

train will be in readiness in which he will conduct you back to the frontier. I wish you clearly to understand that the lieuteman is responsible for seeing these orders carried out, and will use all means to that end. Have I made myself clear?

clear?"
The old man's manner was indescribably threatening.
"This is the machine we are out to smash." I had said to myself when I saw him savaging his servant in the hall and I repeated the phrase to myself now. But to the general I said: "Perfectly, Your Excellency!"
"Then let us go to dinner," said the general.

the general.

It was a nightmare meal. A faded and ahrunken female, to whom I was introduced—some kind of reighte who kept house for the general, I supposed—was the only other person present. She never opened her lips save, with eyes glazed with terror, to give some whispered instruction to the orderly aneat the general's food or wine. We dined in a depressing room with durit brown wall-paper decorated with dusty stags' antiers, an enormous green-filed stove dominating everything. The general and his son all solldly through the courses while the lady pecked furtitively at her plate. As for myself I could not eat for sheer fright. Every save in my body was vibrating at this thought of the avening before me. If I could not avoid the interview. I was resolutely determined to give Master von Boden the slip rather than return to the frontier empty-handed. I had not braved all thus perils to be packed off home without, at least, making an attempt to find Francis. Besides, I meant if I could to get the other half of that document.

There was some quite excellent Rhine wine, and I drank plenty af it. So did the general, with the result that, when the veina starting purple from his temptes preclaimed that he had eaten to appetion, his temper seemed to may improved. He unbent sufficiently to present me with quite the worst-cipar I have ever smoked.

I smoked it in allence whilst father and son talked shop. The female had faded away. Both mes. I found to my surprise, were furious and bitter opponents of Hindenburg and Mackensen. They had no words strong enough in their deunciation of Hindenburg, whom they always referred to as "the Brunkard" * * * "der Saufer." Now were they sparing of criticism of what they quiled the Kaiser's "weakness" in letting him rise to power.

The humming of a car outside broke up our gathering. Remembering that I was but a humble servant hadora this great military in the power.

before this great military luminary. I thanked the general with due servility for his hospitality. Then the count and I went out to the car and presently drove forth into the might.

We entered Berlin from the west,
as it seemed to me, but then struck
off in a southerly direction and were
soon in the commercial quarter of the city. Then I caught a glimpse of lamps reflected in water, and the or lamps renected in water, and the next moment the car had stopped on a bridge over a canal or river. My companion sprang out and hur-ried me to a small gate in an iron ried me to a small gate in an iron

railing enclosing a vast edifice loom-ing black in the night, while the car moved off into the darkness. The gate was open. Half a dozen yards from it was a small, slender tower with a pointed roof jutting out from the corner of the building. In the tower was a door which yielded easily to my companion's vigorous push as a clock somewhers within the building beat a double

within the building beat a double stroke—half-past ten.

The door led into a little vestibule brilliantly lit with electric light. There a man was waiting, a fine, upstanding bearded fellow in a kind of green hunting costume.

"So, Payer!" said the young Uhlan. "Here is the gentleman. I shall be at the west entrance afterwards. You will bring him down.

wards. You will bring him down yourself to the car."

"Jawohl, Herr Graf!" answered the man in green, and the lieutenant vanished through the door into the

A terrifying, an incredible sus-piscion that had overwhelmed me directly I stepped out of the car now came surging through my brain. tower at the corner-did I not

know them Mechanically, I followed the man in green. My suspicions deepe with every step. In a little, they became certainty. Up a shallow and winding stair, along a long and broad corridor, hung with rich tapestries, the polished parquet glis-tening faintly in the dim light, through splendid suites of gilded apartments with old pictures and splendid furniture * * here a lackey with powdered hair yawning on a landing, there a sentry in field-grey immobile before a door * *

I was in the Berlin Schloss.

The castle seemed to sleep. A hushed silence lay over ail. Everywhere lights were dim, staircases wound down into emptiness, corridors stretched away into dusky solitude. Now and then an attendant in evening dress tiptoed past us or an officer vanished round a corner, noiselessly save for a faint clink

of spurs. Thus we traversed, as it seemed to me, miles of silence and of twilight, and all the time my blood hammered at my temples and my throat grew dry as I thought of the ordeal that stood before me. To whom was I thus bidden, secretly, in the night?

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW (Copyright, 1818, McBrids.) (Copyright, 1818, Public Ledger Ca.7